

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF

LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING,

PUBLISHED AT

BLOOMFIELD, ESSEX CO., NEW JERSEY,

BY THE

Bloomfield Publishing Company.

\$2.00 a Year, in advance. Single Copies, 5c.

THE EDITORIAL AND NEWS DEPARTMENTS ARE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A BOARD OF DIRECTORS, BY WHOM THE EDITORS ARE SELECTED AND THE BUSINESS OF THE NEWSPAPER CONTROLLED.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND COMMUNICATIONS OF ANY KIND, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO "THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN," P.O. BOX 240, BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY. OUR OFFICE IS OVER THE POST OFFICE.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY THE AUTHOR'S NAME, IN CONFIDENCE, OR FOR PUBLICATION, REJECTED OR UNAVAILABLE ARTICLES, HAVING PROPER STAMP AND ADDRESS, WILL BE RETURNED.

WHILE IT IS THE FULL INTENTION OF THE EDITORS TO ALLOW THE LARGEST LIBERTY TO CONTRIBUTORS, IT MUST BE DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD THAT WE DO NOT THEREBY ENDORSE THEIR OPINIONS, OR ARE IN ANY WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

NOTICE: NOTICES AND REPORTS MUST BE SENT TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVENING OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.

TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

That is no ordinary achievement of human skill that joins two great cities, like New York and Brooklyn, in such a manner as to make them one metropolis. The feat requires a combination of skill and enterprise, to say nothing of capital, which may be called rare in any nation, and rarest in a republic. Rome could construct her vast aqueducts and drainage-tunnels and military roads under the sway of absolute emperors. But this is the very antipodes of those days and times. The great bridge has been built under a system of free competition, by free paid laborers, with the conjunction of municipal, State, and national governments, and amid the strife of party politics in the most corrupt centers of population. Thus, it has been completed at a cost which may be considered as a monument of human progress.

No work of this magnitude escapes censure. No persons connected with it evade the suspicion of the charge of jobbery. The amount of money involved makes it nearly certain that hard thoughts and harder speeches will fly about. And yet, in the face of every diversity of detraction, the bridge is finished—finished in a little over a decade of years—finished in such a manner as to challenge the admiration of the world.

And the citizen of New York who stands upon that bridge and looks down the Narrows upon the traffic of continents as it comes and goes, and who hereafter perceives the great statue holding her torch to illuminate it all, may well be filled with proper pride. It is impossible to cross that majestic span and to gaze around without a conviction that the financial, the commercial, and the real potential centre of the nation is Manhattan Island.

Of the bridge itself, it may be said that it emphasizes the sense of power which we feel as the constituency of the young but giant metropolis of the West. To ourselves, it is a matter of moment in many ways. It has been supposed that with this increase of facilities to horse, foot, and steam travel between Brooklyn and New York, there would be less pressure upon the up-town wards of the latter and more development of the former. Some have even considered it as putting off the demand for New Jersey residences, and as being of a nature to retard the growth of our own and similar suburbs.

The fallacy of this we need not stop to show. There is such an immense influx from the entire country to New York that a dozen bridges would not suffice against the pressure. And as the tired and brain-weary toiler in the hot and crowded city perceives how little that city's midnight noises help him to rest and be strong, he turns gladly to the fresh fields and pastures green. It is with no muttered discontent, therefore, that we see the bridge become an accomplished fact.

A walk across it is a suggestive commentary on its magnitude. Really, it takes quite a mile from gate to gate. And the impression is that of such solid and well-matured arrangements, that any sense of the giddiness of the height or of the slightness of the span passes away at once. The towers appear the only appalling objects, and they are so grand and tall that their vastness is a delight as well as an amazement. The cables are being slowly and gently adjusted to their full strain by the re-enforcement of wire ropes above them to which they are secured. The tracks for the steam cars run so well below the foot path as to be out of troublesome neighborhood. And the same may be said of the outer roadways for vehicles on either side. A suicide would need some considerable ingenuity to contrive a mode of getting speedily down into the water. And the slopes of the path are an agreeable diversion to one who does not care for dull dead levels.

On one side of the ocean a great empire with infinite precaution and the expenditure of sleepless suspicion and tireless inquiry has at length put a crown upon the head of the last relic of absolutism to

be found in the Christian world. Alexander has waited a long time to be made Caesar, and at last was just able to dodge in between the popular waves and come out with his glittering bauble.

On the other side of the ocean a free people has quietly and successfully established a great highway of communication in the open sunshine of liberty and for the ultimate good of mankind.

Which is the noblest achievement?

THE FREEDOM OF THE PISTOL.

Our readers must have observed the great facility that the American citizen displays in the daily use of the pistol. If it were not for this cheerful little weapon, the paragrapher's trade would be a trifle monotonous. But as it is, the reporter has only to follow a rough long enough to be assured of an item. For the ready pistol utters its voice with frequency in the streets.

The American infant is being nourished and brought up on cartridges, and before he can pronounce his alphabet he is competent to detect the difference between a "British bulldog" and a Smith & Wesson and to note the discrepancies between these and a Remington or a Colt with ease and success. If he does not blow off his finger or shoot a piece of metallic cap into his eye before he is sixteen, he usually has a hip-pocket and in the hip-pocket he carries a pistol.

Why there should be a license demanded for the sale of liquor and no license demanded for carrying a revolver, is one of those intricate problems of the revenue with which the average mind wrestles in vain. And why there should be a consent in all conditions of servitude and every state of enfranchisement to adhere to a national weapon is decidedly a perilous inquiry.

It is thoroughly settled that if you recover a bowie knife from the back of his neck, or a navy revolver from his boot-leg and a stray small-arm or so from his various pockets. But as you descend from this lofty eminence of freedom, you reach the station where the small boy is equipped with a kind of seven-to-the-pound instrument equally adapted to shoot forward or backward. The cheaper the pistol, the more of it will there be. It will be a pattern more widely diffused, more hantered after, and more meddled with in adventurous ways than any other. The chances are about three to ten that it explodes in all directions at the first shot, and about four to ten—and so on in like proportion—with every successive attempt to use it.

The carrying of a pistol is a notable mark of courage. You must run the gauntlet of the home authorities. The surreptitious practice necessary to complete happiness is hard to secure. After a limited period tom-boys are liable to become scarce, and stray bullets sometimes strike what they were never designed to hit. Then, too, you wear a hole in your pockets, or your coat catches in the butt of the weapon, and leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind of the observer. Besides, the plaguey thing always wants oiling or loading or tinkering of some sort. A man who has bought a pistol dare not leave it lying around. If he hangs it up, then the midnight assassin can easily get it in hand. And, if he locks it up, 'twere much the same as if he had it not!

Emerson says that when a man makes a garden, the garden presently masters the man, that makes it. It ought to have been said of the pistol, for that shoots far more quickly than early peas or new lettuce. In fact, it has about as ill-placed a head to its performances as a Lima bean. It is no credit to the pistol that it shoots easily, for it is its nature to.

Any bully can clap his hands to such a convenient excuse for cowardice. It is handy for all uses, either to murder a whole family, or to shoot one's partner when he rattles a state room blind, or to discharge it unexpectedly and take a valuable life.

Among the many mercies for which we ought to be thankful is the fact that the gallies, slaves, and paupers, and banditti of the Old World are poorly provided with pistols when they land. It is, however, a mercy which is spreading wings for flight already, and in a few years the decent people from Europe will have ceased to arrive, and the gathering clans of Italy and Poland, and the London slums, and Irish bogs will have discarded the stiletto, and the poignard, and the knife, and the shillelah, and each proud nascent citizen will be armed with pistols and naturalization papers in about similar proportion.

There is an apocryphal story of ten clergymen among whom there were seven corkscrews and not a single Greek Testament. But if the ordinary carbuncle committee of any suburban neighborhood cannot furnish more pistols than that for the dozen, it must be that the extra population are at the pawnbroker's. The mission of the pistol is yet undeveloped—but it has a vote already!

DECORATION DAY.

Decoration Day, on Wednesday of this week, was very generally observed as a holiday. Nearly all the places of business in the village were closed before noon, and it was observed that most of the men who go to Newark and New York daily remained at home.

The peculiar significance of the day was commemorated by W. S. Pierson Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, who formed in front of their headquarters about 9 o'clock and then proceeded to the cemetery, where they placed fresh flowers upon the graves of their old com-

rades who have answered the roll-call for the last time. They were then addressed by Rev. Mr. Lowerie, of the Methodist church, after which they returned to their quarters and disbanded. The Bloomfield Battery also took their small field-piece to the north end of the Park, and fired the appropriate salutes of the day. They then marched back, preceded by their band of music, and showed well in their fresh uniforms and soldierly bearing.

The subject of our schools is of vital importance to us all. A great deal must be done to render them what they should be and what the ancient homes of Bloomfield, as an educational centre, demand at our hands. We therefore welcome such contributions to the literature of the case as the letters of "E. A. S." and of "Pedagogue." The more the facts are brought out and the more the best methods are developed, the better it will be. Particularly we hope to see a full and open discussion of every point connected with the proposed new building.

It is almost beyond belief, that a community like ours could harbor persons so heartless, so utterly destitute of respect for the memory of the dead and the feelings of the living, as to rob the graves in the cemetery of the flowers placed upon them. Yet so it is. These evil doers should be ferreted out, and dealt with as severely as the law will permit. What would be considered a shame and disgrace in many a tribe of savages, should not go long unpunished here.

SUMMER VACATIONS.

The practice of taking a vacation in mid-summer, which until a few years since was confined to those who resided in the larger cities, has now become widespread, and among people of ample means it is almost universal.

At first the only object sought was to escape the intolerable heat, and the amount of discomfort and privation which the "city border" was obliged to undergo at the hands of the keepers of country boarding houses made many prefer to endure the brick walls and overheated rooms of their own homes; still, the fresh country air agreed with the children, who came back to school in the autumn days fresh and rosy, and with enlarged ideas as to Nature and the great variety of her attractions, so the practice has constantly increased as the convenience of travel advanced until, as we said before, nearly all who can afford to go for a few weeks to the country arrange to do so. But perhaps the most significant change is to be noticed in the number of country people who also seek a summer vacation. Go where you will, to Newport, Long Branch, or elsewhere along the Atlantic coast—or to the Adirondacks, the Berkshire Hills, or the White Mountains, or to Sharon, Richfield, White Sulphur, or Saratoga Springs, on the ocean steamer, and in European cities, and you find the country people, as well as their city cousins, climbing the hills or enjoying the sun or making acquaintance with the old world.

These people do not leave home because of the extreme heat, nor in most instances for the pleasure of travel, for the railroad in July has little to offer that is welcome, but, they go because they enjoy the change from the care and routine of their daily living, because change of air is beneficial even to those who live in the most favored climate, because sea bathing and the ceaseless beat of ocean are as agreeable to the young folks from the mountains as the glorious landscape and the shady glens or rushing cataract can be to the people who tramp up Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

These people do not leave home because of the extreme heat, nor in most instances for the pleasure of travel, for the railroad in July has little to offer that is welcome, but, they go because they enjoy the change from the care and routine of their daily living, because change of air is beneficial even to those who live in the most favored climate, because sea bathing and the ceaseless beat of ocean are as agreeable to the young folks from the mountains as the glorious landscape and the shady glens or rushing cataract can be to the people who tramp up Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

For this tide of summer tourists accommodations have, of course, been provided. The quiet farm house and the fisherman's hut, whose owners sought to pick up a few extra dollars for the winter's need by receiving the well-dressed stranger who asked their hospitality, soon proved inadequate to the demands made upon them and have given place to hotels of mammoth proportion and elaborate appointments.

The convenience, the luxury, the elegance of the most costly of our city hotels finds its counterpart in the Catskills, or at Coney Island—indeed, the two houses are often run by the same managers. An army of servants, a cook whose salary exceeds that of a cabinet minister, electric lights and bells, bands of music which you heard at the charity ball or opera, are waiting to receive you. The pleasure of such surroundings is intoxicating. One cannot but wonder why so much trouble is taken to make him enjoy the sounding sea or the everlasting hills, which are still the same and need no adornment, but when the bill is presented the cause is made clear.

A month's income has vanished in a week, a man is spending in an hour what the labor of a day will not restore—in some respects he feels as if he had been on a spree; he wants to get home again and begin over.

To men of fortune the expense is of small account, but the vast majority of visitors are men of fortune, but on the contrary are men who would feel very uncomfortable to have their neighbors know how little they can afford to spend the money as they do. Some such men will thank us to remind them that the quiet country by-ways and the cottage on the shore still remain, that there are places where the fishing and boating and bathing are still to be had; where the mountain ramble and the winding country roads still disclose most lovely

scenes: where the slanting sunshine hides itself in the clustering foliage and where the shadows furnish coolness in even the hottest of summer days.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

If the mosquitoes bite, go to E. Wilde's, at the Center, and provide yourself with netting; also inquire for Victoria lawn and white goods generally. Great bargains in straw hats while they last.

Strawberries fresh every day at R. Heckel & Son's Centre Market.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PAUL G. BOTTLICHER,

Architect,

751 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Essex County Bank Building.

THOMAS B. BAXTER,

Real Estate and Insurance Broker.

Residence: Washington Avenue, Bloomfield.

OFFICES:

Over the Post-office, Bloomfield,

AND

800 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Agent for all first-class Fire Insurance Companies.

DR. JOSEPH A. DAVIS,

Franklin Street, cor. Fremont.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A.M.; 1 to 3; 7 to 8 P.M.

DR. W. H. WHITE,

Office and Residence

Next the Westminster Presb. Church,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Hours: Until 9 A.M.; 1 to 2 P.M.; 6 to 8 P.M.

DR. CHAS. H. BAILEY,

Physician and Surgeon,

MONROE PLACE.

Office Hours: 8 to 10; 1 to 3; after 7 P.M.

DR. E. M. WARD,

East Park Place.

Office Hours: 7 to 9 A.M.; 1 to 3; after 7 P.M.

JOHN E. WILSON, M.D.,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,

Bloomfield Ave., near Broad Street,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Office Hours: 8 to 10; 6 to 7 P.M.

TELEPHONE.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. PINKHAM, D.D.S.,

481 Broad Street,

Newark, N. J.

J. OGDEN CLARK,

Attorney at Law and Master in Chancery,

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

WHITEHEAD & GALLAGHER,

Law Offices.

745 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

JOHN WHITHEAD, JOSEPH D. GALLAGHER.

Residence of J. D. Gallagher; cor. Washington St. and Hillside Ave., Bloomfield.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office, 750 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Residence: Elm Street, Bloomfield.

Acknowledgments, etc., taken.

EDWIN A. RAYNER,

Attorney at Law,

Office, 757 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Residence: Washington Street, Bloomfield.

Acknowledgments, etc., taken.